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"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #67.

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12:30 to 1:30 P.M. C.D.S.T.

JUNE 15, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: Again we take you to the Pine Cone National Forest District, where our friend Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick are on the job as guardians and managers of the public forest resources. Many of the great mountain ranges of the country are in large part within the boundaries of our National Forests, which are protected and administered by the Federal Government for the use and enjoyment of all the people of the United States. You will find the National Forests freely open to you for all legitimate purposes. The few regulations that apply to visitors are for the protection of the forests, the safeguarding of public health, and the perpetuation of the public benefits to be derived from wide use of the land. -- Each week we have a look-in on the interesting life and work of the rangers. Assistant Ranger Jerry Quick, as you know, has been rather sweet on Mary Halloway, the village school teacher of Winding Creek, but last week, another attractive young lady from the Supervisor's office was detailed to the ranger station to help with the office work. -- Well, let's see how things are going at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today. Here's Jerry just tearing out the front door in a big hurry --

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(DOOR SLAMS; SOUND OF JERRY RUNNING DOWN PORCH STEPS)

JERRY: (CALLING) Hey, Mary! -- Wait a minute! --

(SLOWING DOWN) Good morning, Mary.

MARY: (ICILY) Good morning.

JERRY: I just happened to see you going by the station, Mary.  
I thought I'd run out and say hello.

MARY: Oh, did you?

JERRY: Yeah - Say, what you so - so uppish about all of a sudden?

MARY: Nothing at all.

JERRY: I haven't called you lately, I know -- I've been awfully busy, Mary.

MARY: Evidently.

JERRY: Say, you aren't sore about Ruth -- Miss Lander - come here to help us in the office?

MARY: I'm not the least bit interested in Miss Lander.

JERRY: You and she ought to get better acquainted, Mary.  
She's a peach of a girl.

MARY: No doubt.

JERRY: We could all have some swell times together.

MARY: Oh, indeed.

JERRY: Listen, Mary -- I wish you wouldn't get sore all of a sudden. I've got to show her what the work is, haven't I? And we want to make it as pleasant for her as we can, while she's here, don't we?





MARY: No doubt you're doing very well.

JERRY: Aw, don't get sore now, Mary. -- Listen, when can I see you?

MARY: I'm afraid you're entirely too busy to bother about seeing me, Mr. Quick.

JERRY: Huh! (HUFFY) Well - just as you say -- if you're going to act that way about it -- So long.

(PAUSE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

(RAPID CLICKING OF TYPEWRITER)

JERRY: (COMING UP; RATHER CHILLY) Good morning, Miss Lander.

(TYPING STOPS)

RUTH: Good morning, Jerry.

JERRY: You're at it early this morning.

RUTH: I wanted to finish this typing, Jerry. I didn't get it finished last night. -- Why, you seem sort of grouchy this morning.

JERRY: Yeah?

RUTH: What's wrong?

JERRY: Not a thing.

RUTH: Well cheer up then. It's such a lovely morning.

JERRY: (WARMING UP) Yeah, it sure is. -- Gee you sure are a hardworker, Ruth.

RUTH: Oh, it's this bracing mountain air, I guess. I feel like doing something all the time.

JERRY: Yeah. It sure puts the pep in a fellow all right.

RUTH: Oh, I just love it here.

JERRY: It's nice having you here too, Ruth.





RUTH: Thank you, Jerry -- (FEW CLICKS OF TYPEWRITER, followed BY RATTLE OF PAPERS) Here, is this report all right?

JERRY: Sure.

RUTH: (LAUGHING) How do you know, gossie? You haven't even looked at it yet.

JERRY: Well, if you did it, it's all right, ain't it? Everything you do is all right.

RUTH: (COVLY) Oh, now, Jerry --

JERRY: I'll look it over later, Ruth. I want to see what Jim's going to do, now -- if you'll excuse me a minute.

RUTH: All righty.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: Say, Jim --

JIM: Hi there, Jerry - started work in the office all ready?

JERRY: No. Miss Lander's already at work though. I was just looking things over.

JIM: I see. (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: She's finished that special use report already.

JIM: Good.

JERRY: She sure is a fast worker.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) So I noticed -- Well, how about it, Jerry? Shall we go up the South Fork today and go over that new trail location, like we planned?

JERRY: Well - uh - do we have to go today, Jim?



JIM:               Yep, we'd better. I want to put a crew from the  
C. C. C. camp in on that trail job next week. -- Why?  
                  What's the matter?

JERRY:            Why - uh - nothing - only I was hoping to get some  
more of that office work cleaned up today. We've  
still gotta get those files worked over, you know,  
and --

JIM:               Huh? (CHUCKLES) Seems to me you've gotten pretty  
fond of office work all of a sudden. Weren't you  
the young fellow that was always itchin' to be out  
in the woods, not so long ago?

JERRY:            Yeah - but - you see, there's a lot of this work  
piled up here, and --

JIM:               Oh. (CHUCKLES) No sir, there's no accounting for  
this sudden hankerin' for office work. Must be some  
attraction. Do you s'pose this new gal from the  
Supervisor's office could have anything to do with it?

JERRY:            (LAUGHING) Well, it might look that way to you -  
but I thought we ought to get as much done as we can  
while she is here.

JIM:               (CHUCKLES) Uh huh. I thought so -- What you working  
on in there today?

JERRY:            We were going to work over the special use files today.

JIM:               Can't Miss Lander handle it all right?

JERRY:            Sure. She knows the stuff all right. She's got all  
the record forms and procedure down pat and everything,  
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JIM: Well, s'pose you just let her handle it by herself today then, and start getting your surveying equipment together.

JERRY: All right.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I bet Rex won't need much coaxing to to out in the woods today. How about it Rex?

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: Hey, now, Rex. (DOG WHIMPERS) Down, old boy. I wasn't giving you leave to climb all over me. (CHUCKLES).

JERRY: (GOING OFF) I guess I'd better look over that report Miss Lander just finished typing, before we start, Jim.

JIM: All right. Make it snappy though.

(DOOR CLOSES)

JIM: DOWN now, Rex. (DOG BARKS) - Yep, you can go 'long, old boy. (CHUCKLES)

BESS: (OFF) Oh Jim. --

JIM: Yeah. What is it, Bess?

BESS: (COMING UP) Oh Jim, - I'm so worried about Jerry --

JIM: Worried about Jerry, huh? (CHUCKLES) I'd say the boy's having a pretty swell time right now.

BESS: That's just it, Jim. I don't mean I'm worried about him, but -- Mary Halloway, you know -- he's been sort of neglecting her since Miss Lander came here.

JIM: That's right. He has kept pretty close to the job, hasn't he?





BESS: I should say. -- It's a shame, Jim. Mary's such a splendid girl - and I'm afraid she's going to be awfully upset about Miss Lander being here.

JIM: Well - (CHUCKLES) Looks like the schoolma'am's kinda getting left out in the cold.

BESS: Poor Mary! Why Jim, when I saw her yesterday, she looked almost ready to cry. I know she was expecting to see Jerry last Sunday, and instead, he took Miss Lander for a ride in the forest.

JIM: Well, he's got to show the girl the sights, I guess, -- and Miss Lander ain't so hard to look at, you know.

BESS: I know. She is a girl. You can't be angry with her -- and you can't blame her for liking Jerry - or Jerry for liking her -- but poor Mary --!

JIM: Well, Bess, I reckon we'd better let things work out themselves. You never get anywhere trying to meddle in young folks' love affairs.

BESS: I know, Jim.

JIM: I guess Jerry'll find out which is the best girl, in the end.

BESS: Yes, I guess so.

(DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: (COMING UP) All set, Jim. Shall I go get the horses?

JIM: Yep.

BESS: I'll have lunches packed by the time you're ready, Jerry.

JERRY: Stick in a piece of that cake you made yesterday -- will you, Mrs. Robbins?



BESS: Surely, Jerry. Jim likes chocolate cake too.  
(GOING OFF) I'll put a piece in both lunches.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Not a bad idea, Bess. -- Hmm. Let's see.  
Guess I'd better take this along.

JERRY: Taking your pistol belt?

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: What for?

JIM: Well, I noticed signs of porcupine damage to the pine trees, last time I was up on the South Fork, so I thought we might pot some porkies if we happened to run across 'em along the way.

JERRY: If it was me, I'd take a rifle. It'd be wasting too much ammunition trying to plug 'em with a revolver.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Don't waste much ammunition if you hit 'em.

JERRY: That's right enough. I've heard some of the old timers around here say you're a crack shot with a pistol, Jim.

JIM: Well, I s'piect I've got more of a reputation than I deserve, Jerry. -- You see -- (CHUCKLES)  
a long time ago, the Forest Service assigned me to a ranger district where the local settlers were kinda antagonistic to forest regulation. Some of 'em even hinted that I'd better move out between suns. --  
Well, soon after I got there, I was riding up the road alongside a field, one morning, and I happned to see a coyote running across the field there - so I pulled my six-shooter and took a shot at 'im - and durned if it didn't break his neck with the first shot.



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JERRY: Pretty good!

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, one of the local settlers was a-watchin' me from along near the fence, and he comes over and takes a look at the animal, and then he steps off the distance - it was about fifty yards and then he says: "do you shoot that good all the time?" (CHUCKLES) I figgered I might as well make the most of it, so I "admitted" I missed a shot like that once in a great while. -- Well sir, from that time on, I didn't have a bit of trouble with anybody on that district; and later on, I found out that the word had gone around that anyone contemplating raising a fuss had better be a good shot and mighty quick on the trigger.

JERRY: Nothing like having a reputation.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Nope. -- It's lucky nobody was around the time I missed a big buck standing broadside at thirty yards, with a Winchester. It would've spoiled the story. -- Well, Jerry, -- all set?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: All right. Let's go saddle up the horses.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF TWO HORSES WALKING IN TRAIL; CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)



JIM: Kinda rough going, huh, Dolly? OO (CLUCKS TO HORSE)  
all right, girl. --

JERRY: Giddap, Spark. -- Say, Jim, that new trail sure is  
going to be a help in getting into the high  
country from the South Fork.

JIM: Yep. It's primary purpose of course will be to make  
the area more accessible for speedy fire portection,  
but I reckon there'll be a lot of hikers and  
vacationists that'll enjoy that trail, too.

JERRY: You bet. -- Whoa, Spark. (HORSES STOP) -- Look at the  
view from here, Jim.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: I think we made the most of the scenic  
possibilities, in locating the trail -- don't you,  
Jim?

JIM: Tired to. -- It'll give some beautiful views all right.

JERRY: It'd be a peach of a place for a scenic auto drive.  
Wouldn't it?

JIM: Well, that high country aound the headwaters of the  
South Fork is designated as a "Primitive Area," you  
know, so that means we won't want any more improvements  
in there than are necessary for it's protection.

JERRY: Yeah but a good auto road up into the middle of it would  
make it a lot easier to reach.





JIM: Easier to reach and no longer primitive. The day will come when there'll be mighty few places left in this country where a fellow can really get back to unadulterated nature - and really rough it, clear away from the smell of gasoline fumes and hot dog stands. So the people will be mighty glad that we've kept some primitive places in the National Forests. Places as primitive as the forests primeval - and we aim to keep 'em in their wild, unmodified state as near as we can. When fine roads go into a country all the comforts and frills of our so-called civilization go in too.

JERRY: Well, with our Primitive Areas, there'll always be some places where you can find nature just as it always was.

JIM: Yep. -- As the whirl of life gets faster all the time, folks'll be needing places like that to get away to - to get both feet on the ground, and to find the kind of peace that only close association with real nature can give.

JERRY: It's a mighty good idea, all right.

JIM: Yep. - Well, we better be steppin' along if we want to get back before supper, Jerry. --Giddap, Dolly.

JERRY: Get up, Spark.

(HORSES RESUME WALKING)

JERRY: I wonder how Miss Lander got along tod ay.

JIM: You do, huh? (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: Well, I mean - uh - if she found what she needed in the office, and everything --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I ain't worryin' much --





(SOUND OF HORSE PLUNGING)

JERRY: Hey! -- Whoa, Spark - what the - Whoa - what's the matter!

(BUZZING SOUND OF RATTLE SNAKE, SLIGHTLY OFF)

(DOG BARKS)

JERRY: Gosh, Jim - Hold it! Look, it's a rattle-snake!

JIM: Sure enough. Rex - come back here! - Whoa, Dolly. -- First rattler I've seen around here for two years.

JERRY: Gosh, it's coiling to strike! Get back, Jim! Whoa. Back, Spark!

(TWO QUICK SHOTS)

(PAUSE)

JERRY: You hit it, Jim! --

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: It's still squirming a little, though. I better get a stick and give it a couple of whacks.

JIM: All right. Might keep squirming quite a spell yet. -- Whoa, Dolly. --

(COUPLE OF DULL WHACKS)

JERRY: There - that oughta fix it. -- Gosh, it sure is a whopper, Jim. -- Look - one, two-, three, four, six - eight, nine rattles, and three buttons.

JIM: Uh huh. Quite sizeable. Yes sir, first rattler I'd seen around here for two years. Guess we've got 'em pretty well cleaned out, hereabouts.

JERRY: I hope so. -- Gosh! Look here, Jim! I'll say you hit it! Both shots right clean through it's head.

JIM: Yeah?

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JERRY: (LAUGHING) Say - I guess that reputation you have as a crack shot isn't so far fetched after all!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

BESS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Supper's ready, - you two --

JERRY: All right, Mrs. Robbins. We'll be in in just a minute -- soon as I finish telling Ruth about the rattler.

RUTH: Yes, do tell me the rest of it, Jerry.

JERRY: Well you see, Ruth - after Jim shot it, it was still squirming around to beat the band -

RUTH: Oooh, how horrible!

JERRY: It was a whopper, too. Look, here's its rattles -- I thought you might like to have them for a souvenir.

RUTH: Oh, how interesting!

JERRY: Well, it was still squirming around, you see - so I went and picked up a stick and whacked it over the head a couple of times --

RUTH: Oh Jerry -- isn't that wonderful!

BESS: (COMING UP) Look, Jerry - there's Mary Halloway out there - going by the Station.

JERRY: Mary? -- Oh. -- What was that you were saying, Ruth?

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well now - Maybe Mary Halloway is going to have something to worry about at that.

Next Thursday at this same hour we shall have another look-in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station. This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.



(LAWYER) Mr. T. J. ...  
I think that ...

STATEMENTS

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